THE

WEEKLY REVIEW

AND

DRAMATIC CRITIC.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:
H. ROBINSON, 11, GREENISDE STREET.
LOVE, GLASGOW.

1853.

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Price 2d.

EDINBURGH:

H. ROBINSON, 11 GREENSIDE STREET.

GLASGOW: LOVE, NELSON STREET; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Green Room Gossip.

During the past week the attendance at the theatre has been very respectable. The presence of Miss Rebecca Isaacs has added much to its attractions. This lady is indeed a very pleasing actress. Her *forte* is genteel comedy, and the geniality of her manner, her graceful vivacity, and the aspect of nature which she throws over all her performances, give her a high place in the profession. But her singing is an additional, and even a superior attraction to her acting; and our only regret is that, during her short engagement, so few of our fair citizens have heard her beautiful and finished vocalization. Her benefit took place last night.—*Aberdeen Journal, Nov.* 24.

Sale of Theatrical Property.—On Tuesday, Nov. 16th, at the Auction Mart, Mr Robins submitted to public competition five proprietors' shares of one hundred pounds each, paid in full, in the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane. No dividend is paid on them, but the auctioneer said that there was a probability, at some future time, of their turning up a prize, and in the meanwhile, the possessor had a chance of getting on the committee, which to some was a source of great amusement. Two renters' shares in the same theatre, paying a dividend of 1s. 3d. per night per share, with a free admission, saleable annually, produced 190 guineas each. Two renters' shares in the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, on which a dividend of £12 10s. per share per annum is now paid, with a free transferable admission—on these shares £500 was originally paid, and they have been sold for £550. After some competition they were sold for 190 guineas each.

Mr John Moody, a comic vocalist, well known in London, and possessing considerable talent, died, on the 7th of November, of bronchitis.

Liverpool.—At the Theatre-Royal, the Marionettes are drawing very excellent houses. This is the sixth week of their stay. The sixth act of "Romeo and Juliet" is a very humorous affair, and excellently produced. At the Amphitheatre, Miss Glyn and Mr Charles Dillon are performing in various Shakespearian tragedies, relieved by farces, musical interludes, and ballet. The patronage of the Militia induced a great house on Monday. "Much Ado About Nothing" was the play; after which the "National Anthem" was sung—each loyal heart in the house upstanding and uncovered. "The Lottery Ticket" concluded the entertainment.

WEEKLY REVIEW,

&c. &c.

No. 1.] FRIDAY, NOV. 26, 1852. [Price 2d.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

[Part of the plan of this publication was to give short reviews of such works as happened to come under our notice, the subject of which might be interesting to our readers. We are this week enabled to put our plan partially in operation, and will follow it up as often as occasion permits. The present notice is of an American work, reproduced by Low & Co., London.]

HOWARD STANSBURY, an engineer in the service of the United States, was sent, in 1849-50, to examine and report officially upon the geographical features of the Great Salt Lake, and besides doing so, he has produced a volume on the subject. It is well written, and contains a large amount of matter interesting to the general reader as well as the student. The Great Salt Lake is a name familiar to all readers of modern American travel. The wide and sterile district in which it lies has been the terror of every traveller to Oregon and to the gold regions by the prairie route. Many a dark and unrevealed tragedy has occurred within it to poor, worn-out, and dispirited emigrant-families, lost in its barren and "inhospitable wilds." The existence of the lake was discovered so early as the year 1689, but no party of Europeans—at least none made the accomplishment of the feat known—ever made till now the circuit of the waters, and defined their bounds. It is ascertained that the circumference of the lake is 290 miles. Captain Stansbury arrives at the conclusion that the lake is the remains of an inland sea:—"At our feet, and on each side, lay the waters of the Great Salt Lake, which we had so long and so ardently desired to see. They were clear and calm, and stretched far to the south and west. Directly before us, and distant only a few miles, an island rose from 800 to 1000 feet in height, while in the distance other and larger ones shot up from the bosom of the waters, their summits appearing to reach the clouds. On the west appeared several dark spots, resembling other islands; but the dreamy haze hovering over this still and solitary sea threw its dim uncertain veil over the more distant features of the landscape, preventing the eye from discerning any one object with distinctness, while it half revealed the whole, leaving ample scope for the imagination of the beholder. The stillness of the grave seemed to pervade both air and water; and, excepting here and there a solitary wild-duck floating motionless on the bosom of the lake, not a living thing was to be seen. The night proved perfectly

serene, and a young moon shed its tremulous light upon a sea of profound, unbroken silence. I was surprised to find, although so near a body of the saltest water, none of that feeling of invigorating freshness which is always experienced when in the vicinity of the ocean. The bleak and naked shores, without a single tree to relieve the eye, presented a scene so different from what I had pictured in my imagination of the beauties of this far-famed spot, that my disappointment was extreme." The lake was covered with myriads of water-fowl. The buoyant properties of the water were very great—exceeding, perhaps, those of the Dead Sea. The Captain made an attempt to bathe, and reports on the experiment :—" No one, without witnessing it, can form any idea of the buoyant properties of this singular water. A man may float, stretched at full length, upon his back, having his head and neck, both his legs to the knee, and both arms to the elbow, entirely out of water. If a sitting position be assumed, with arms extended to preserve the equilibrium, the shoulders will remain above the surface. The water is, nevertheless, extremely difficult to swim in, on account of the constant tendency of the lower extremities to rise above it. The brine, too, is so strong that the least particle of it getting into the eyes produces the most acute pain ; and if accidentally swallowed, rapid strangulation must ensue. I doubt whether the most expert swimmer could long preserve himself from drowning, if exposed to the action of a rough sea." The great dryness of the air in this region caused the wood of all the instruments to crack, and the waggons could only be made to hold together by sinking them in the water every night. So great has been the overland emigration to the Californian gold valleys, that the prairie road (three thousand miles long, or so !) is as plainly marked as a turnpike road in this country, and throughout its entire length he found it, on his return, covered with all descriptions of property, abandoned by the emigrants, and with the remains of broken-up waggons, and thousands of horses and draught cattle.

Edinburgh Amusements.

THEATRE ROYAL.

The bills of performance for this evening exhibited no ordinary degree of attraction; a better proof of which could not be given than the overflowing house assembled, in boxes, pit and galleries, to witness the appearance of Miss Helen Faucit, in the character of *Julia*, in " The Hunchback." We were about to say that this is her best part; but hesitate before giving a decided opinion on the subject—pre-eminent as she is in every character she undertakes. The balance of consummate ability, and chasteness of style, is so equalized,

in regard to general effect, that it is almost unfair to give a preference. There is one assertion, however, in which we think our readers will join us heartily, namely, that she is so far above all other contemporaries, in the dramatic art, that she may be called the queen of the British stage.

To particularize the passages of beauty in which Miss Faucit exhibited the various changes, from innocent simplicity to fashionable life; disappointed love—offended pride—revenge, and consequent remorse—despair—determination of purpose—and sudden joy—would be to extract each scene with which she was connected. Not a sentence was uttered but received from Miss Faucit its full meaning and expression; every word was listened to with breathless attention, and in the pauses that followed shouts of approbation greeted her from all parts of the house.

Mr Paumier, who has been engaged expressly to perform the leading characters with Miss Faucit, sustained the part of *Master Walter* with great ability. There is much improvement in this gentleman's acting since we last saw him. Indeed it would be marvellous were it otherwise, placed in contact night by night as he is with such transcendent talent. Miss Eliza Arden filled the character of *Helen* with great liveliness and spirit, and was much applauded. *Sir Thomas Clifford* found an able representative in Mr Harcourt Bland. Mr Watkins is a clever young man, but *Lord Tinsel* is a step too high for him yet. The student, *Modus*, was played by Mr Leslie with much comic simplicity. The scene with Miss Arden, in which she ties his neckerchief, and places her face in dangerous proximity to his, told capitally. The quiet humour of Mr Gomersal was never better displayed than in the part of *Fathom*. His stolid appearance kept the house in a roar.

The evening's entertainments concluded with a new comedietta, in one act, entitled " Delicate Ground. This piece was first performed at the Lyceum Theatre in London. The characters in it are only three, viz. *Citizen Sangfroid*, (Mr Harcourt Bland,) *Alphonso de Grandier*, (Mr Leslie), and *Pauline*, the citizen's wife, (Miss F. Bennett). The plot is as follows:—Pauline has had, previous to her marriage with Citizen Sangfroid, a lover, called Alphonso, whom she supposes dead, having received a farewell letter from him, which informs her that he has been mortally wounded. She is continually weeping in secret, and mourning his loss. Her husband, whose time is principally occupied in the Legislative Assembly, treats her romantic attachment with the greatest coolness and indifference; but is inwardly piqued that she does not reciprocate his passion. Alphonso, who is not dead, as she has been led to believe, enters as a travelling merchant, and is left by Sangfroid, with his wife, while he goes off to dress for the Assembly, in order that he may make some purchases; an explanation ensues. Hearing the Citizen returning she entreats Alphonso to conceal himself, which he does, but forgets his box. Sangfroid enters, notices his wife's agitation, opens the box and discovers a disguise and letter to Alphonso. He now tells his wife that her lover is denounced and in his power, but that he will generously give him twenty-four hours to leave Paris; and goes out, as she imagines, to prepare for his arrest.

Alphonso returns, she entreats him to fly; he refuses, unless she will accompany him; she feigns consent in order to get him out of the house, but as they are going up the stage her husband again returns. Alphonso points a pistol at Sangfroid, who strikes his arm up and the weapon explodes. The Citizen, in the coolest manner, puts the question to each, whether they love one another? Alphonso replies, "till death;" while Pauline, annoyed at her husband's indifference, answers in the affirmative also, in order to annoy him. He tells her a divorce may easily be obtained, to which he will consent, and shows a passport which he has just received; and dispatches the lover to the next room to write a letter to his friends warning them of his return. He now lectures her on the continuance of her former attachment; after which he desires her to pack up her clothes in order to accompany her *future* husband. She goes off dejectedly for that purpose, and Alphonso enters with the letter he has written. An amusing scene follows, in which the Citizen enumerates a long list of faults in Pauline, which astonishes the lover. The husband again leaves them together, and by his vehement reproaches of her extravagance she believes him mad. She feels assured, however, that her husband is attached to another woman, and sends Alphonso off to discover who she is. Some spirited scenes follow, during which, Sangfroid discovers that Alphonso has not the honourable intention of marrying Pauline after the divorce has taken place. This is explained to her; after which, a complete reconciliation takes place. The piece was well received throughout; the performers exerted themselves with great effect, and we have no doubt but it will have a run.

Croakers and fanatics may say what they please about the decline of taste for the drama in Edinburgh; it is very clear they express their wishes rather than their convictions. A properly conducted stage is not only a help to the order and well-being of a populous city, but is a greater instrument of good than all the Exeter Hall humbug meetings, or conventicle denunciations of eternal misery can produce. The first elevates the mind by high intellectual associations; the latter debases it, by giving encouragement to cant, hypocrisy, and creating a morbid feeling towards all those whose ideas of right and wrong do not correspond with their own contracted and selfish views. As regards ourselves, we have always said, and still contend, that if good sterling pieces of our best writers are brought forward, and first-rate talent engaged to embody the characters, it will not be for the interest, or in the power of the clergy, to preach the theatre down. The public *will* patronise, and amply repay the managers for their outlay. The engagement of Miss Helen Faucit is a case in point—each night of *her* performance has been distinguished by full houses; and truly is she deserving of such honour, for in her delineations of character she is unapproachable by any other living actress. Nor must we withhold the meed of praise, however, from Messrs Rollison and Leslie. 'Tis true they are young in management, but in the short period they have been leagued together, they have shown an honesty in matters of business, with tact and judgment, in catering for the public amusement, worthy of far older generals. Let them go on as they have begun, and there will be no fear of the Theatre Royal obtaining patronage.

We had written a few remarks on the performance of *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Lady of Lyons*, but are compelled, from want of space, to omit them. Suffice it to say, that on each night the house was crowded to overflowing; and nothing could exceed the enthusiastic manner in which the audience expressed their delight at Miss Faucit's performance. The other characters were ably filled; we regret that we have no room to individualise.

On Thursday, *King Rene's Daughter* and *Much Ado About Nothing* were performed—*Iolanthe* and *Beatrice* by Miss Helen Faucit; *Count Tristan* and *Benedick* by Mr Paumier. We really are in want of superlatives to express all we feel in regard to Miss Faucit's *Iolanthe*. It is the most beautiful picture of innocence we have ever seen delineated. In fact, we are so overwhelmed with the succession of her fascinating delineations, that we utterly despair of describing them. As might be expected, with such an attractive bill of fare, the house was crowded to the ceiling before the curtain rose. The general anxiety to be present was such, that we noticed many persons who are in the habit of visiting the pit sitting in the sixpenny gallery.

We should not be doing justice to the several performers in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' if we did not mention them. We never saw Mrs Eburne to more advantage than in the part of *Hero*. Mr Paumier, as *Benedick*, was much applauded. Mr Henry Leslie, as the *Prince*, never looked and acted better. Mr H. Bland, as *Count Claudio*, sustained the character admirably. Mr Bruce Norton, as *King Rene*, in the first piece, and *Leonato* in the second, gave excellent support to the general effect. Nor must we omit mentioning, in good set terms of praise, Mr Tindall as *Ebn Jakia* and *Friar*. Mr Gomersal, as *Dogberry*, kept the audience in a roar of laughter; and the part of *Verges* was brought prominently forward by Mr Cooper.

We fear the house will not be large enough to hold the crowds that will seek to be present at Miss Faucit's benefit. Her Rosalind, in "As You Like It," is allowed to be a gem of the first water.

It is whispered that *Josh Silsbee* is coming among us again. He is a clever actor, and we doubt not will be well received. His performances of American eccentrics have been very popular in London and elsewhere.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Friday, Nov. 19.—Rob Roy—A Kiss in the Dark—The Unfinished Gentleman.

Saturday, Nov. 20.—The Hunchback—Delicate Ground.

Monday, Nov. 22.—Romeo and Juliet—Delicate Ground—La Bouquetiere.

Tuesday, Nov. 23.—Hamlet—Betsy Baker.

Wednesday, Nov. 24.—The Lady of Lyons—Box and Cox.

Thursday, Nov. 25.—King Rene's Daughter—Much Ado about Nothing.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

On Saturday night an American piece, entitled "The Green Hills of the Far West," was produced for the first time here, and has been repeated every evening since. It requires the whole strength of the

company, and what with the glowing scenery, the mixture of Indian Europeans, is on the whole an effective and interesting drama. The plot and characters are thoroughly American, blending the rudeness of half-civilized life, with the blander excellencies of native virtues and the philosophy of a more advanced state of society. Mr Powrie plays *Rattling Rob the Roarer* with his usual discrimination of character, and never fails, in the more impassioned scenes, to call forth unbounded applause. Mr Wyndham, Mr Lyons, and Mr Humphreys play their parts well, while Mr Webb, as *Bonaparte Scubs*, and Mr Mungall, as a Yankee Surgeon, keep the house in roars of laughter. Mrs Wyndham enacts *Azein*, the Wild Huntress of the Prairie, with great spirit —while Miss Page, as *Alice*, is all that we could fancy of the simple, kind and virtuous beauty of the bush. Nor must we forget Miss Parker, who, as *Dolly Dewlap*, imported from England, and finds sweethearts no plentier in the new than in the old country, delights the house with her arch and pointed remarks. She is a great favourite, and clever.

With Monday came a perfect storm of operatic talent, in the shape of the Misses Pyne, Mr Borrani, Mr W. Harrison, and Mr O. Summers. The opera was "The Bohemian Girl." The party are celebrated, and require no eulogium from us to support their fame. We may mention, however, for the sake of those who have not yet heard the distinguished artistes, that Miss Louisa Pyne is, of the two sisters, the principal singer, and she is said to be a favourite of the Queen. Were she a little taller she would not be unlike her Majesty in personal appearance. Mr Borrani has an excellent bass voice, and Mr W. Harrison an equally powerful and rich tenor. Mr O. Summers and Miss Pyne confine themselves chiefly to the choruses. Miss Louisa Pyne sings with great taste and sweetness, but her voice is not so powerful as some of the lady artistes who have recently appeared on the boards of the Adelphi, while her enunciation is so indistinct that you scarcely understand one word of the beautiful sentiments she is giving utterance to in melody—assuredly a great drawback to the enjoyment of the audience. This is not the case with Mr Borrani or Mr Harrison—You can follow them from beginning to end.

Operas in general are poor affairs as dramatic representations, and perhaps 'The Bohemian Girl" is no exception. Miss Louisa Pyne was encored in "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," and in the succeeding duet, "The secret of her birth," by her and Mr Harrison, the audience seemed delighted beyond measure. Mr Harrison has a peculiarly rich tone of voice, and he was rapturously encored in "You'll remember me." So was Mr Borrani in "The heart bowed down." At the close of the opera, the whole of the party were enthusiastically called before the curtain by the large, respectable, and highly gratified audience.

On Tuesday the opera of "Maritana," by W. Vincent Wallace, was produced. To our thinking it is much superior to Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" in point of plot and general effect. Miss Louisa Pyne gave the recitative and aria, "How dreary is my heart," and "Scenes that are brightest," with enchanting sweetness and delicacy of finish. She appeared to equal advantage in the duets with Mr Borrani and

Mr Harrison, the silvery quality of her voice contrasting delightfully with theirs. Mr Harrison played *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, his original character, with great *eclat*. It is a part which affords some scope for acting, and Mr Harrison certainly performed it to high perfection. In singing he gave full effect to "There is a flower that bloometh," and "Let me like a soldier fall." Mr Borrani gave "In happy moments," and "Oh! my courage," with genuine taste and astonishing power.

On Wednesday night Miss Louisa Pyne fully sustained her reputation in "La Sonnambula." This character affords her more scope, perhaps, for her favourite style of singing, sweetly and chastely. The whole party seemed thoroughly in earnest with the work in hand, but the duet and chorus between *Elvino* (Mr Harrison), and *Amina* (Miss Louisa Pyne), at the close of the second act, was one of the most overpowering vocal scenes we have ever witnessed. The house seemed quite taken by surprise, and amidst a universal call for Mr Harrison and Louisa Pyne, they appeared, to receive the spontaneous meed of praise accorded to them. Considerable disappointment ensued, however, from the announcement by Mr Wyndham, that Mr Harrison had been labouring so much under hoarseness for some time back, and which had been so much increased by the exertion in the scene just concluded, that he was afraid to attempt the "Grand Scena" in the third act. "All is lost now," and "Still so gently," were consequently omitted. Mr Borrani elicited great applause in singing "As I view these scenes," and "Maid, those bright eyes."

The opera of the "Crown Diamonds," which has created such a sensation in London, is to be produced on Saturday.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Friday, Nov. 19.—The Pilot—Spectre Bridegroom—The Falls of Clyde.

Saturday, Nov. 20.—The green Hills of the Far West, or the Falls of Niagara—Lonely Man of the Ocean.

Monday, Nov. 22.—The Bohemian Girl—Green Hills of the Far West.

Tuesday, Nov. 23.—Maritana—Green Hills of the Far West.

Wednesday, Nov. 24.—Sonnambula—Green Hills of the Far West.

Thursday, Nov. 25.—Bohemian Girl—Green Hills of the Far West.

Glasgow Amusements.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

Glasgow, Nov. 24, 1852.

There was a crowded house at the Royal to witness Mrs Glover's *Beatrice* in 'Much Ado About Nothing.' She made a very successful appearance. So also in the 'School for Scandal,' performed on Tuesday eight days. "Macbeth" and "Julius Cæsar" drew good houses, Mr Davenport sustaining the leading characters. "Rob Roy," with the veteran Mackay as *Bailie*, drew a bumper house, and his reception must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. *Rob Roy*, by Mr Glover, is a fine impersonation. Webster's *Dougal* was a perfect

picture. Unlike many of the *Dougals*, he gave the cunning of the "creature" without making him an idiot, and in such a manner that his every action was a study. Miss Donington was to have played *Helen*, but having become unwell at rehearsal, the part devolved upon Miss Fanny Bland, who acquitted herself admirably in some parts, actually surprising the audience. This young lady will one day hold a high position in the histrionic profession. She is of a good stock, being a grand-daughter of the late lamented Mrs Glover. Mr Elliot Galer, as *Francis*, sung the music very finely. This young tenor has made rapid progress since his debut here, and bids fair to become a second Sims Reeves. The scenery of the play was admirable, and the vast expanse of stage gave additional effect to the combats, dances, &c. I discovered but one blot upon the effect, and that was the extreme neatness of dress worn by the females of the ballet. If I do not err, they are supposed to be in poverty and wretchedness. *All* were too neat; and I observed *two* principal dancers in short white muslins beautifully got up, and filligrees to match!

VERITAS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE, LONDON.

On Thursday night, the 18th of November, the following monody was recited at this theatre by Mrs Charles Kean. It is the composition of Mr Marston:—

MONODY.

A pause; a hush! ye shapes awhile retire
That draw your being from the poet's fire;
Stand mute ye heroes quickened by his will,
And bodied by the actor's art! all still.
Kneel with veiled brows, ye forms of sembled woe!
Not now for *fabled* grief a tear must flow,
Not now may *fabled* greatness thrill the heart,
Reality is here! Let *dreams* depart.

Yes, to each thought, the hero who achieved
What song has scarce recorded or conceived
Is present now; he on whose single mind
Heaven staked the lot of Europe and mankind,
Whom like the law that guides the planet's track,
Our orb of fame pursued through storm and rack,
Rose in the night of nations, in whose sky
There flashed alone one meteor prodigy,—
Rose with calm march, enkindling shore on shore,
And peaks that glory never lit before—
Rose to its zenith; when that course was run
The world was day, and Britain was the sun;
Our Britain bore him! pride's best claim is read;
Our Britain holds him! sorrow's worst is said.
What words may speak that sorrow? what regret
Measure the hero's greatness and our debt.

For not to him we give the mere acclaim
That greets the conqueror. His was higher fame.
The sword that led our squadrons to the fight—
Ne'er drawn in vain—*was ever drawn for right.*
Freedom and *order* were his ends; his star
Was *duty*, and blest peace the fruit of war!
Aye peace, thrice blest, where peace with conscience joins;
Where liberty with stable rule combines;
Such was the peace he won, such hallowed rest
For England—Oh, be this his long bequest!

BEQUEST! He gives no more. We are his *heirs.*
Oh, word that almost mocks the wealth it bears,
Whence comes his like? Twin column of the state,
In fight Achilles, Nestor in debate!
Whose mind was virtue's poise, whom no success
Might dazzle, no adversity depress,
No bribe allure, no artifice betray,
No labour tire when duty showed the way,
No danger daunt, and no renown elate,
His fate soared high, his soul outsoared his fate.
A youth, as fresh as his first laurels were
He gave his country; and silver hair
Honoured the brows of service, brows that caught,
Though near an age, no shade of selfish thought.
The earliest beam that his first pathway crossed,
Beheld him where night found him—AT HIS POST.
Crowd to his bier. Kings, mourn the mighty chief;
Ye hold your empires as his valour's fief!
Ye warriors, mourn him whose bright round complete,
Knew every turn of war—except defeat!
Mourn, Statesmen; honesty was all his art,
His mind's clear vision was his upright heart.
Mourn, Bard and Painter; Fancy's noblest birth
Is best believed when greatness treads the earth!
Our Shakspeare's self, who peopled every sphere,
Seeking a hero, had but copied here!

Mourn him ye sons of trade; for, by that peace
He gave, your harbours fill, your stores increase.
Mourn him ye poor; in secret, to your claim
His bounty spoke, the contrast to his fame!
High into day, the palms of his renown
Aspired! but 'neath their shade concealed flowed down
His rills of pity. Mourn! Who mourns him not?
A hope undreamed. A memory unforgot.
Mourned but living! Potent though unseen,
For thee time's record changes! "He has been,"
Is writ on myriad tombs; "He is," on thine!
Death but promotes thee; all that could decline
Of thy most honoured being was— its dust!

He never dies who holds his life a trust!
Hid from our sight, denied to every sense,
The hero-patriot rules *in influence.*
A people free, united, just, and brave
Will kneel before the altar of his grave,
And vow that, while the seas shall sweep our strand,
No foe shall tread, no wrong pollute, the land
Whose boast shall be, unto the latest sun,
It nursed the fame, it holds the tomb, of WELLINGTON.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

It may not be out of place, now that Great Britain is rendering homage to the memory of her foremost citizen, and her most illustrious military commander, the late lamented Duke of Wellington, to insert the very appropriate and elegant lyric ode, composed by R. W. JAMESON, G.B., Grand Lodge of Scotland, on the occasion of the inauguration of Steel's equestrian statue of the great departed, in Edinburgh, on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, 18th June 1852, and sung by Mr W. H. Eburne at the Adelphi Theatre the same evening, with full chorus of the entire company in full dress, to honour the occasion.

TUNE—*March to the Battle-field.*

Friends of our country's fame,
Who freedom prize and glory,
Raise now your proud acclaim,
Your Hero is before ye!
The chief in war
And better far,
Whose whole career befriending
Was but for peace,
For man's release,
And savage warfare ending.
Hail *Him* who conquering all,
Unmatched in skill or daring;
Fought but at duty's call,
Whose triumphs we are sharing.

Hail *Him* who conquering all, &c.

Hero of Waterloo!
Oh! what a sight inspiring,
Life-like thus rushing through
The battle storm untiring!
The sculptor's art
Has done its part,
His name with thine now blending;
Fame shall reveal
How Scotland's "*Steel*"
A triumph gains unending.

Hail to the Art Divine
  That tells the Warrior's story;
Dun Edin, worthy shrine,
  To hallow deeds of glory.

Hail to the Art Divine, &c.

MAN.

TEXT—What is Man?

MY HEARERS—man may not be the only thinking animal on the face of the globe, but he is unquestionably the only one that prepares plans for the future, without the aid of instinct, and is ever elate with hope, or troubled with care. He occupies a position in the scale of being between the orang-outang and the angels of heaven—being a little lower than the latter and somewhat higher than the former. Man is a mysterious amalgamation of mind and matter—a compound of purity and corruption—a machine that turns out some good and much mischief—a hot-bed, in which is sown the seeds of sin, vice, virtue and morality. Intellectually, he is a god—physically, he is a beast. Over all his mightiness of mind, the animal propensities ever predominate. In the wild, uncultured region of the soul we find but few ideal flowers; and they are overshadowed by the underbrush of sensual indulgence, in a gloomy forest of ignorance; but when the genial sun of education is admitted to warm the soil, blossoms of purity soon begin to bloom—plants of piety spring up—and a harvest for the heart is shortly gathered; but for all this, there are many toadstools to be found in the pasture of man's bosom, and berries that look pleasing upon the outside, but are full of poison within. And yet man, inconsistent and erring man, will persist in partaking of the bitter fruits of iniquity, when he knows that, by so doing, he is sure to get the gripes and grums, and be pained in body and troubled in soul! Yes, he will fret the spirit for the sake of the body, the pleasures of which are but momentary at the longest; and, when they depart, they leave the soul as sick as a green sailor, and the stomach as sour as the latter end of an old maid's existence.

My friends—what is man? He is an amalgamation of all that is good, just, noble, vile, mercenary, and mean—a riddle, an enigma, a perfect paradox. While he attempts to conquer temptation, resist evil, and defy the devil, he gives way to the most grovelling desires; and the baser passions ride rough-shod over every exalted idea, tender feeling, and magnanimous resolution. In all his actions he is moved by MOTIVE—and that motive is concealed beneath the thick mantle of selfishness. The greatest and mightiest of men have often had their minds turned into the narrow channel of self, and corrupted by the filth therein contained. For the love of lucre, they have gone contrary to the commands of their consciences—for the sake of gaining honour, glory, and renown, they have sacrificed ease, comfort, and happiness, and, not unfrequently, large parcels of piety. Even I, myself, am willing to acknowledge that while my spiritual balloon is inflated with the gas of good and heavenly intent, I am oftentimes so

strongly bound to earthly inducements by the cord of animal propensity as to prevent my rising into a purer and more wholesome atmosphere. I preach morality, not only for the good of my fellow creatures, but also for my own benefit. I exhort all to acts of benevolence in order that I may make sure of my own bread and butter—and who wouldn't do it, that had the gift of gab and home-made eloquence commensurate with mine!

My friends—be careful and not provide too extravagantly for the body. While the flesh fattens, the spirit decays. It feasts for a time on the luxuries furnished by the corporeal part, and then grows stupid, sickens, and gradually declines. The soul gets diseased from the filthy and corrupt habitation in which it resides; and it never can become convalescent till it journeys to that congenial clime beyond the valley of death, where mildness constantly prevails, and where there is no change of season from January to the December of eternity. Man prides himself upon his reason, his intellect, and his mental endowments; but what do these signify so long as his belly bears sway over his brains? A jackass that drags a dray or bears a burthen is of more use to a community than one who cares for none but himself, or he who destroys both body and soul by wallowing in the mire of gross indulgence. It is said in the sacred scripture that the spirit of man goeth upward, and that of the beast downward: and, therefore, all who make beasts of themselves had better keep a good lookout lest their immortal parts eventually take a notion to slide to the bottom of that bottomless pit, from which there is no more rescue than there was for Satan when he suddenly dropped from heaven into regions of endless woe.

My dear friends—let us consider what man is, to make the most of him. He is but a moving mass of matter—a carnal locomotive, propelled by the steam of life, guided and governed by the great Engineer of the universe. He sets out with full speed upon the railway of existence—sometimes bursts his boiler ere he has attained half his journey, and at others brings slowly up at the depot of death, where he blows off his spiritual vapour, and the old engine is laid up in the sepulchre for repairs, to be in readiness against the day of resurrection. Truly hath it been remarked, that man is but a shadow, and life a dream. The shadow is present only for a day, as it were. When the sun of existence sets, it mingles with the shade of oblivion, and it is obliterated from the earth for ever: and as man approaches his long home, in the solitude of age, he looks back upon his life behind him as a mere dream, and hopes for something like joyous REALITY in a world to come.

Don't trouble yourselves, my hearers, as to what you are—how you came—or what your destination hereafter; for you can know for a certainty nothing about it till death solves the mystery, and your spirits are returned unto him who gave them; but live righteously, do good, and eschew evil, and you have nothing to fear. So mote it be!—*Short Patent Sermons, by 'Dow, J.R.'*

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Nov. 22.

MY DEAR SIR,—Very little news in the theatrical world for your excellent paper this week. However, all I have is at your service. To commence—

Business has been very great at all the theatres in London, owing to the great influx of visitors to see the Duke's funeral.

On Monday morning last, Mr Harley, the comedian, had his house broken into, and property to a great amount carried away.

Dumbolton, with his troupe of real serenaders, has lost £300 at the Strand Theatre in a few weeks. Methinks niggers have had their day.

Poor Edward Laws died on Saturday night. He was a first-rate actor, and bore a most excellent character. A benefit will no doubt take place at the Marylebone Theatre to defray the expenses of his funeral.

Tom Mathews, the clown, has opened a tavern in Drury Lane, and good business is the order of the day.

Blanchard has written the Drury Lane Pantomime. Report speaks well of it.

T. Mead has left the Surrey very suddenly, in consequence of the managers not liking his style of playing *Legree* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," though the general opinion is, it was the best played part in the piece.

A "Midsummer Night's Dream" has proved a great hit at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. King, late of Edinburgh, plays *Theseus*.

Sam Cowell is at present delighting the good folks at the Canterbury Hall, Westminster (a most magnificent building), by his inimitable comic songs.

The following is a correct report of an address delivered by the manager of a small theatre in Ireland, where Mr Rae was engaged to perform. There were only three persons in the house:—"Ladies and gentlemen, as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all. The performance of this night will not be performed; but the performances of this night will be repeated again to-morrow."

Time's up. More next week from

THE HUNGARIAN MALE INFANT.

DRURY LANE.—A new "Marche Funebre," composed by Angellina, a lady who has before distinguished herself, was played on Monday. Without being striking for its originality, it discovers much ability in orchestral treatment, and achieves the first purpose of a funeral march—mournful solemnity. The forte and piano effects are clever, and the whole composition is very impressive. M. Jullien brought forward not only his grand selection from his opera of *Il Pietro Grande*, but favoured us with a quadrille from the same source. The merit of the former lies in its introducing some clever passages for Messrs Baumann, Barratt, and Kœnig, and the *morceau* of the work, the "Russian Hymn," which is adapted to excite strong popu-

lar applause. A new polka solo displays M. Arban's wonderfully rapid execution on the cornet-a-pistons, and contrasts his style with that of Koenig, which "Les Echoes de Mont Blanc" failed in doing. Notwithstanding the changeable state of the weather, the house has been crowded in every part. The present concerts will, no doubt, be the most brilliant, as well as the most remunerative, of Jullien's series.

Lyceum.—This house produced a new drama, in two acts, called "Those Dear Blacks," which might have been more advantageously heralded as a farce in one. The poverty of material, and the extravagance of the situations, however, the more prominently displayed the ability of Mr Charles Mathews in concealing deficiencies, and make the audience laugh.

Surrey.—A new nautical and domestic drama, called "The Life Chace, or the Marriage Day," was produced on Monday, and re-introduces Mr Shepherd as the hero of melodrame. The incidents are numerous, and of an exciting nature. The antagonistic principles of good and evil are illustrated in the chequered career of a British sailor, and the villany of a "limb of the law," so frequently a target for powder and shot. The drolleries of Mr Widdicomb, as a policeman, were exceedingly well received.

SONGS OF SHAKESPEARIAN TITLE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REVIEW.)

No. I.

"In thy orisons be all my sins remembered."

In thy orisons be all my sins remembered,
  Oh, in thy prayers, sweet lady, think of me,
That lips as pure as those with bright angels numbered
  May claim forgiveness when you bend the knee.
Thy guiltless heart is robed in innocentest fame,
  Simple and true, where passions ne'er can hide;
There, in thy holy offerings, lady, breathe my name,
  My path in honour through the world to guide.

From calm devotion, the suppliance of the good,
  Addressed in fervour, peaceful thoughts ensue,
And blessings fall on those, when favour's gently ~~wooed~~ wooed
  From prayers, as breathed, sweet lady fair, by you.
And if thy heart, with mine, kind sympathy can share,
  Mingle sweet thoughts, when hands are raised above;
As love is heaven, and our bright hopes centre there,
  Oh, let one prayer be—"Heaven guard thy love."

Fag.

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